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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

TOO EARLY WED!

"It's what I wanted to spake to yer honour about," said Sandy Donovan, who had entered my cousin's breakfast-room, and made her his best bow; "it's what I wanted, my lady, is the lend of a loan of two-and-sixpence, if it would be plasing to ye; and I'll work it out in any way convenient—either in going messages to the squire, or any where else in the three kingdoms at a moment's notice; or taking a hand at the knives, whin Mither Langan, or Mike, or the footboy himself, has no mind to be dirtin' their hands wid their work, and yer honor wanting them to be clane before the quality; or driving the cows home, if the ould cowboy would be sick, or 'overtaken,' which will happen to any, let alone a boy of his years; or—but to be sure," added Sandy, after a pause, as if to give weight to some peculiarly onerous service he was about to proffer—"to be sure, yer honour nor the masther are never in trouble that way, like yer neighbours—if you war, bedad! there isn't a boy in the barony would bate the bailiffs wid grater joy than myself!"—and Sandy's eyes brightened, and his hand grasped more firmly the handle of his good shillala; he looked what he really was, a fine handsome gay-hearted "boy" of about nineteen—certainly not twenty.

"Well, Sandy," replied my cousin, smiling, "I will lend you the half-crown; and you shall repay it me, not in labour—for I require my servants to do their own work—but in money."

"Och, ma'am dear, that's hard upon me intirely. I'd rather work it out."

"But isn't your time your money? Cannot you sell that time to some other person, and discharge your debt out of the produce?"

"I'm no scholar, my lady," he replied, twisting his shoulders, "but I'd rather work it out."

"We will speak of that by and bye," said my cousin; "you must pay me twopence a-week, and tell me what you want with the half-crown."

"Well, God bless you, my lady, I'm a made man; I'll pay it at the twopence, though I'd rather work it out, supposing even it came to double."

My cousin smiled at me significantly, for we had often talked of the impossibility of making an Irishman consider time as a commodity of value; and then she asked him, "Well, Sandy, and now tell me what you want with it?"

Sandy Donovan twirled his hat between his thumbs, looked down upon the carpet, and hemmed twice. I perceived at once the state of the case, for he blushed deeply. With the natural quickness of an Irishman, he saw I understood the matter; and turning to me, said, "If you please, my lady, tell the mistress, for I see you're insensd into it already."

"Sandy's in love!"

"I have known that for some time," answered my cousin, "and with the gate-keeper's daughter. But what has that to do with the half-crown?"

My cousin is one of those amiable, excellent persons, who, born though not brought up in the country, loving it also with the warmth of Irish love, can no more comprehend an Irishman's nature, than can those who, having paid a visit of two weeks to Dublin, and the county Wicklow, return with a self-satisfied conviction that they are fully acquainted with the habits, manners, and feelings of the Irish nation.

"Is it what has it to do with the half-crown, my lady?" repeated poor Sandy, to my infinite amusement; "why, thin, just every thing in life sure; it's to help pay Father Garratty for marrying us, my lady! We've made up the money all to that, mistress dear, and we didn't, that's I didn't, know what to do at all about it, until I thought I'd make bould with you, madam, that can feel for us."

"Me feel for you!" exclaimed my cousin, indignantly; "how could you fancy that?"

"Just, ma'am, the remembrance of your own young days, that to be sure you don't look past yet, long life to you, and the masther's too, when, as I have heard tell, you thought the great battle of Waterloo put betwixt you both for ever, and he kilt at it, though he's so hearty now; and sure if the want of the half-crown put betwixt me and Lucy Hackett, it would be as bad to us as the battle of Waterloo."

I never asked my cousin which of the two topics Sandy touched upon had softened her most—the sly compliment to her youthful looks, or the allusion to the "great battle" where her beloved husband had played a distinguished part. Certainly her after-observation had lost all asperity.

"Well, but, Sandy, what provision have you made for this new state of matrimony?"

"Provision is it, my lady?" answered Sandy, with another turn of his hat; "we've lots of love, mistress dear; it'll hold out till the grave shuts over us, I'll go bail for that."

"But, Sandy, you can't live on love?"

"It's cruel poor living without it—that I know, ma'am, any way," he replied right readily.

"But there will be two to feed instead of one at your father's; for Lucy cannot continue at the lodge."

"Nor doesn't want, ma'am—I've built her a cabin off the corner of my father's three acres, and there's a few sticks in it already. She's no great eater, and the pratees are cheap enough, thank God!"

"But, by and bye, you will have more than two to feed."

"Plase God," was Sandy's quiet reply.

"Sandy," I said, "I am sure your choice is a good one; Lucy is a pretty, cheerful, industrious little girl, not yet eighteen, I think—too young to take the heavy cares of peasant life upon her. I will not say she will change, because that is what Irish women seldom do; but I must say you are laying the foundation of certain misery, both for her and yourself, by not waiting until you have something to begin life with."

"Ah, thin, ma'am dear, it's a shame for ye to be evenin' sorrow to a bridegroom."

"You even it, as you call it, to yourself, Sandy; look there!" I pointed from the window to a beggar woman who was coming up the lawn, followed by a troop of children. "Look there! how would you like to bring the light-hearted fond girl you love to a fate like that! And yet such are the effects of very early marriages, combined with, or rather the first step to, imprudence. You are both young; labour in your several vocations for five or six years; you have much to love and labour for; and at the end of that period, by God's blessing on your own industry, you'll have something to begin with—enough to furnish a cabin comfortably, and a short purse to defray first expenses."

"But, ma'am dear, sure we can work as well together, and get the comfortable cabin and the short purse after."

"No—you will not have the same motive; circumstances will bend you down. If Lucy becomes the mother of children at so early an age, her exertions will be cramped."

"She'd work the better," interrupted Sandy.

"She would be, as all Irish women are, the most affectionate mother in the world; but, marrying so young, old age will come upon her prematurely. Her eyes will grow dim, and her hair turn grey before her time; her bodily strength must fail; and what woman can knit, or spin, or sew for hire, with a tribe of little half-starved children round her feet! It is not too late to change your resolution. I will see Lucy; I will reason with her; I know she will wait for you. Work on singly a little longer. She will be your reward; and, believe me, such a prudential course will render your future life prosperous and happy."

"What can a young man save out of tiapence or a shilling a-day, my lady?" said Sandy.

"What could he spare at that rate for the support of a wife, what for the support of a family of children?"

"Bedad!" answered Sandy, twisting his shoulders, his invariable practice when in a hobble, "Bedad! I don't know; only they all does the same, and sure we'll be no worse off than our neighbours."

"But Lucy, poor pretty Lucy, who has been more tenderly brought up than her neighbours; surely, Sandy, you would not wish to bring her into trouble?"

"Poverty I may bring her to:—God help us, ma'am, there's none of us made up against that; but I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep her from trouble. I'll own she's too good for me; though that's not her own thought. But I'll say this: sorra a boy in the town land will make a better husband, let the other be who he may. Sure, ma'am, there's nothing in the poverty you think of, to frighten us. We've been looking at it ever since we war born, more or less. We get used to it, in these parts."

"You bring it on yourselves. Nothing keeps down either young man or woman so much as a tribe of infants before there is any thing to give them."

"Bedad, so it does," replied the young man, with the most perfect composure; "but how can we help it!—the craythurs ax nothing but pratees and salt, and grow up fine men and women on it, that flog the world for beauty."

In fact, in no shape could we place poverty so as to render her aspect more hideous than he knew it to be; but his naturally gay spirit rose against the idea that either Lucy or he was doomed to encounter it; or, if they were, he laid his thoughts upon the favourite phrase of those who are not able to help themselves, "We'll get over it, by the help of God!" or, "We'll not be worse off than our neighbours," or, "Something 'ill turn up for good." Sometimes he would parry my argument by wit, sometimes by laughter—always respectful, yet merry laughter; and so, seeing he was determined upon an early marriage, and consequent poverty, I resolved to appeal to Lucy.

"She's a great fool," said her grandmother at the lodge, who had brought her up; "but if the worst come to the worst, she'll be no worse off than her neighbours." Here was a pretty argument in favour of misery, by one who was old enough to have known better. "She'll sup sorrow for it, I daresay, but we all have our taste of it one way or other." Lucy was all smiles and tears. Sandy and she had learnt out of the same "Read-a-made-easy" at school; they had gone to their "duty" together. She had been promised to him, and no thought of any one else had ever come across her heart. She was willing to wait for him till the day of her death, only, may be, for any thing she could tell, it would be the same thing in five years as it was then—there was nothing to make it better—and the ould loved each other the more who spent their sunny days together. I knew full well there is comparatively little misery caused among the lower classes in Ireland by the want of connubial affection. Cottage trouble has its sweet consoling drop of love in the bottom of every cup of sorrow. Lucy seemed prepared for both. She did not attempt to deny that she loved Sandy, it "was so natural to love him; she never had a brother, and he had been more than a brother to her since she was the height of a rose bush." I could not look on the young beauty—so fair, so truthful, so earnest, so bright—without a feeling of deep grief, for I could not but anticipate what was to follow. She had not even the ambition which characterises the young English bride in the same sphere of life; she knew that poverty would be her dower, but she had made up her mind to encounter it with him she loved. "Her uncle," she said, "had promised them half an acre, or may be more, by and bye, and then they'd do 'bravely.'" "Why not wait for it?" "And sure we must wait for it," she replied, with

great naïveté, "for he won't give it to us now." In her quiet modest way, Lucy was as firm as Sandy. "You perceive," said my cousin, "persons who seek to intimidate them, by pointing out the miseries of poverty, fail; they see it so often, that they yield to rather than withstand it, or sometimes rather than avoid it, if the means of avoiding it disturbs their preconceived opinions."

"They are always acting from impulse rather than reason; they run into danger, and then ask you how they might have kept out of it," said I, sadly provoked with those foolish young persons.

"It is easy to see how it will end," observed my cousin.

"Can't you give them a little land to begin on?"

"My dear friend, if we were to give land to all the silly youths who marry without the prospect of even potato food from one day to another, we should not have an acre left for ourselves. These early marriages are sources of the great evils of Ireland, and can never be prevented, as long as the peasantry have no ambition to elevate themselves in the scale of society by means of better clothes and better dwellings than they generally possess. A man who is satisfied that his wife should beg while he reaps the English harvests, and that his children should go barefoot, cannot raise himself."

"But he is not so satisfied," I said; "necessity compels it."

"A necessity induced," observed my quiet cousin, "BY BEING TOO EARLY WED." She was quite right. I have heard of cases where absolute boys and girls have been wedded parents; and it is no uncommon thing to meet a grandfather in the very prime of life; I would not be thought an advocate for restraining, except to very reasonable bounds, the greatest blessing which the Almighty bestows upon his creatures—the power to be happy by making another happy. But I would have my humble fellow-countrymen and countrywomen more duly reflect before they adopt a course upon which nearly all, if not all, the comfort, and I may add integrity, of their after-lives must depend. If marriage has its consolations in adversity, and its endearments in prosperity, courtship also has both, besides a greater proportion of that which is the strongest and truest stimulus to exertion—HOPE! It excites also to economy, prudence, and sobriety, by a continual manifestation of their utility in bringing nearer the consummation of a dearly-cherished purpose; money will be saved, when an object is directly to be achieved by saving; labour will be undertaken with cheerfulness, when its recompense is clearly and distinctly seen; and, in short, the FUTURE will be perpetually in the eye, in the mind, and in the heart. On the other hand, poverty—too often the parent of sin—is always an effectual barrier against social improvement; prudence is shut out, when its beneficial influence is only remotely anticipated; and those who find it difficult to procure the necessities, never think of searching out the comforts, of life. My design, however, is to exhibit and illustrate evils less by precept than example; many will listen to a story who slumber over a sermon; and a picture may be made to speak more eloquently than words.

Five years had elapsed between the scene I have endeavoured to describe, and my once again visiting my native land; and greatly rejoiced was I once more to feel its bright green grass beneath my footsteps, to hear the music of its birds and rivers, and meet the welcome of bright eyes and warm hearts of many who had known me in childhood. During even so short a period, England had been galloping onwards to perfection; Ireland, I saw, had been creeping—and that is something—towards it also. Schools had been established, where education had never before been heard of; gardens had expanded around many cottages; the Sabbath day was more respected and hallowed than of old; and the dress both of men and women was neater and in better order. I certainly fancied beggars were on the increase, but this must have been only fancy. The truth was, I came from a land where they are comparatively unknown, and had almost forgotten how crowded my poor country always was with poverty-stricken creatures, who are unable to provide for themselves the commonest food or the coarsest apparel. Dublin is a solitary-looking city. The magnificence of its noble buildings badly accords with the emptiness of the broad streets. There is an air of desolation in its highways, a loneliness in its most public places:—

"The Greeks, but living Greeks no more."

You can hear the echo of your own footsteps in its noble squares; and the beggars know a stranger's face in the most crowded places. This beautiful city is almost a wilderness; and the occasional bursts of laughter that resound from the neighbourhood of College Green towards midnight, as the young men hasten to their apartments, have seemed to me strange and unnatural—out of keeping with the silence of the queenly yet solitary capital. We seek in vain for the trappings of its ancient state; few above the rank of gentlemen are to be encountered in its paths; and the palaces of its departed nobility—departed in a worse sense than that of death—ring to the sounds of the money-changers. You perceive, indeed, signs of traffic along the noble quays; corn and cattle may be seen there in abundance, but both are on their way to England; they pay no duty; the enormous and splendid Custom-house is therefore an assemblage of unfurnished apartments. The returns

of exports fill many a page in the quay-master's book; that for the entry of imports has but the single word *nil*. The corn and cattle are to be exchanged in British markets for money which the Irish farmer is not to see; it passes from the hands of the "driver" into those of the banker, to my Lord This and my Lord That, who learn twice a-year that they have tenants upon their hereditary estates in a place called Ireland, and who bestow upon the country just two thoughts—one upon each of the two occasions to which we make reference. My readers will find no politics in my sketches; but the topic on which I now write would give a pigeon gall. The absentees, who draw wealth out of Ireland and impart no single blessing in return, are responsible to God, and ought to be held responsible to man, for much of the misery and crime of which unhappily the country is so fertile. But this subject is one that requires greater space and attention than it can at present have; ere long I may be enabled to picture the system as I have seen it, and contrast the "landlord at home" with the "landlord abroad." Now, I must entreat my readers to follow me with my story.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and we had spent it with some friends residing in that immense square called Stephen's Green. We were walking homewards; and whatever cheerfulness we had imbibed under the hospitable roof of our host, was effectually dispersed by the shivering and half-starved creatures who asked our charity with an importunity which only their civility prevented from being offensive. One slight creature—a child clinging to her cloak, another slung at her back, and one resting on her bosom—had followed us nearly to the corner of Grafton Street, not begging with her tongue, but appealing to our feelings by many outward tokens of misery.

"If you want charity," said I, "why do you not ask it?"

"We are all dying for want of food," was the reply; and the voice, though I did not immediately remember to whom it belonged, thrilled through me like a strain of long-forgotten music.

"I have not tasted food all day," she continued, leaning against a projecting shop shutter, "nor wet my lips except with water; have mercy on me, for I am very young, and not used to begging."

"I believe you," I replied, for I had by that time recognised her voice; "I believe you; your name is Lucy Donovan." Poor, poor Lucy! She threw the hood back from her wasted features; she would have fallen on her knees at my feet, if I had not prevented her; her soft hair was matted across her brows; tears coursed each other down her cheeks; her nose was pinched by starvation; her lips, blue and trembling, could hardly give forth her thoughts—her prayers, I should rather say—for she appeared for a time to have forgotten her misery in the joy occasioned by the sight of a friend.

"To think, my lady, of my seeing you here!—and I conning over in my own mind yours and the mistress's warning about being too early married; it was the ruin of us all out, sure enough; the childer came so fast, and nothing to give 'em. This is little Sandy, ma'am, the moral of his father; only you can't see him, the moonbeams are so pale. And the one at my back, little Thomas, after my poor father. Ain't I thankful that he never lived to see me in this trouble! And this little hungry girl is Anty, after my grandmother; sure I'm glad she's in heaven, too. Ah, ma'am, honey, a young loving heart must suffer a dale of sorrow before it blesses the grave for closing over, and the red worm for destroying, the things it loved more than life."

"Come to me to-morrow morning, Lucy," I said, "and we will see what can be done for you." I pressed a small donation and my address into her hand.

"I can't be out in daylight," she whispered; "I'll come at night—I've no clothes—nothing but the cloak left."

My English readers may believe this tale: it is no fiction; it is perfectly true; true, without an atom of exaggeration. The young mother had parted with every article of clothing she possessed in the world, except the thin blue hooded cloak, in which she enshrouded her misery and starvation: under its feeble protection she begged at night. I mentioned the circumstance to the lady at whose house we were residing. She assured me it was a fact of no uncommon occurrence.

The next night Lucy came with her children. We had provided something for her in the way of clothes. "Won't you put on those shoes, Lucy?" "I thank you, my lady," she replied, while one of her old smiles brightened up her face; "I'll take them since ye're so good; but it's a bad fashion to be tending my feet up with shoes; they're used to the stones now, poor things. And so best—"

"Where is Sandy, Lucy?—I cannot believe he has deserted you."

"God bless you for that right thought, my lady. He has not; he was forced to leave me, but that was't deserting me. You see, ma'am, after we married we got on very well for a bit; and the earnest true-hearted love we ever and always had for each other, held out wonderful; and I was't over strong, and poor Sandy took to working after hours, which every body knew he need not have done had he been single. But, any way, that brought on the fever. The fever, my lady, and this little Sandy, came together, before, indeed," she added, with her usual simplicity, "we were ready for either—to say ready; and then, between

nursing the husband and nursing the child, when I got up I had my hands full, and we both so young, and no experience. To be sure the poor neighbours helped us. They gave us a share of all they had, even to a handful of meal or a stone of potatoes; and the hardest word they ever spoke was, 'God direct you, ye poor young craythurs; ye married too soon.' Your cousin, ma'am, is a fine lady, and a good lady, but she put me ever and always in mind of how much better I might have been off had I remained single, which was true enough; and while my poor husband lay so bad intirely, the bitter taste of my folly was never off my lips. But when it pleased God, he grew better; and when I saw him once more able to raise his head to the sun, and to notice the baby, I forgot a dale of the bitterness, and thought it might pass away altogether. But it never did. If a young bird gets a hurt, my lady, in the nest, it never rightly recovers it. It was so with us. We began poor—we bargained for that; but the sickness that's born of poverty came on the top of it, and they both together crushed us. Well, ma'am dear, the gentleman where he worked when he got up again, took great pleasure in foreign parts, and could'n't afford to pay so many labourers, and Sandy was discharged. It's a poor case, ma'am, when the money scraped up in one country is taken clane away to spend in another. Sandy could have made out life alone, but another poor little babe had a mind to come into the world; so I could do nothing to help him. My grandmother (heaven be her bed!) was called from us, and she left me what she had to leave. Your cousin, my lady, said it would have been a fine thing to have had it if we war beginning life, but, coming in the middle of our trouble, when we war over and over in debt, it did us but little good, and melted away, like salt in rain, before we knew where it was. I've no blame to give to any: the neighbours war wonderful kind. My husband's father did all he could; but what could he do? My husband was the eldest of eleven, who had to be reared on three acres of land, one of which was't good enough for goose-grazing. I could have got plenty of knitting, and spinning, and sewing, and straw-bonnet making, but my hands war tied with the two childer; and it pleased God to take the second in small-pox. It was a heart trouble to us then; and I thought the father would have broke his heart after it. The neighbours said it was well for us it was called, but somehow it's lonesome to want a baby's smile, or laugh, or even its cry, when ye're used to it, and have little else to comfort you; and, despite her misery, the mother's eyes filled with tears, and little Sandy saw them, and he lifted up his dirty face to kiss her; the never exhausted mine of Irish affection was already at work in the boy's heart. "We struggled on, and this babe was born. We had been put above the world, in regard of debt, by my grandmother's death; and one morning Sandy said, 'It's no use slaving on and starving as we're doing, Lucy. I had an offer yesterday when I was driving Ahy Leary's creels; and if you've the heart to hear it, I'll tell it ye.' And I clenched my hands, and set my teeth, as if it was death I expected, for I guessed that his mind was set on foreign parts. But I didn't gainsay him, though I war right. He promised to send me word, and money to bring me and the childer out to him, and I waited at home; and three months after he went, this last craythur was born."

"To add to your trouble," I said.

"No," she answered, pressing it to her bosom; "it helped me to put the trouble over; it has the very eyes and smile of my poor Sandy."

"How foolish!" I thought, "it is to attempt to sound the depth of woman's love! What fine feelings there were beneath that cloak—crushed by circumstances that must ever crush those who, without any provision, too early wed!" "At last," she continued, "I grew ashamed to stay longer in my own place; I couldn't beg there—I couldn't go there, from door to door, or stop those I met to ask for food or halfpence. I locked up the door of the cabin, put the key in the thatch, left word with a neighbouring woman that they could send to his uncle near Dublin any letter that came from HIM, and begged my way here. The poor always helped me on my journey, and I was easier moving from place to place—it seemed as though I was getting nearer Sandy; but I've had no letter; those more used to this life than me, get more than I do—I pray, instead of beg. Bit by bit, I lost every screed of clothes. But my worst trouble is, that my early marriage has brought these darlins into a world of trouble, from which I have no power to deliver them; and though I have loved to look at them, yet, often, dear my lady, when I have seen them staggering with hunger, I could have knelt in the cold snow, and cursed my folly. Wicked thoughts have come into my head then, and I have had no peace until I prayed to God to cool my poor burning brow, and clane the badness from my heart. I have one hope still—HE may DIE—but he will never forget us. If we can live over the present time, a letter may come; but the wakeness is upon my heart when I think either of fresh joy or more sorrow. I walked the length of Stephen's Green after yer honours last night, but the dryness of my parched throat hindered me from spaking. Since yer ladyship spoke to me last night, I have had fresh hope, but, somehow, I'm afraid to hope, for after it trouble comes stronger. I've not been able to go after a letter to his uncle's; I've been ashamed; but, please God, there's no need of that now, the Lord reward ye all! though

it's more than we deserve. Who knows—there may be comfort for us yet." She smiled, but there was a ghastliness in the smile that made me shudder; it was the smile of a corpse, rather than of a living woman. The poor infants devoured the food we gave them; and when they were satisfied, she ate, but not till then; nothing could exceed her gratitude; the past seemed almost forgotten, after her story was told—a story of simple suffering, with no strong incident to rivet the attention, no powerful event to work upon the imagination—nothing but a tale of Irish misery, brought on, not by misconduct, but a want of that carefulness, that "long-headedness," which makes the Irish peasant a beggar, and the simple possession of which lays the foundation of Scotch and English independence. My story, if so it may be called, is not finished.

Lucy had been worn to a skeleton by anxiety and starvation. I saw she could not live; our succour came too late; she was dying—dying at the very age, when, if she had followed our advice, she might have married in sure anticipation of happiness, and with a reasonable prospect of prosperity. I went to see her; for little Sandy had told me, with tearful eyes, "that though mammy had plenty to eat, and new milk to drink, she was too sick to come out." She was lingering in that hectic fever which scorches up, by slow degrees, the moisture of existence; the baby, too, was dying. "I am sure," she said, "there is a letter from Sandy at his uncle's." I found out the place; she was right. How she screamed, and how her skeleton fingers quivered, when she saw it! "I knew if he was in life, he would not forget us," she said.

The poor fellow was full of hope; and though his feelings were roughly expressed, they were there, warm from his affectionate but imprudent heart; the next letter was to bring money—but a little, yet some; and the one after would bring them all out to him. And she heard all this; and at first, while I read, the flush was bright on her cheek, and then it faded; and she called little Sandy, and said, "You hear—it is from your own daddy, my boy;" and then I thought a slight convulsion moved her features. She grasped the poor soiled paper, the record of his affection; pressed it to her lips; another convulsion; her fingers stiffened round it—SHE WAS DEAD!

LORD BROUGHAM'S NEW WORK.

"DISSERTATIONS on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology," is the title of a new work by Lord Brougham, in two volumes; being the conclusion of the new edition of Paley's work, undertaken by his lordship, in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell. The subjects treated are Instinct, the Origin of Evil, Cuvier's Researches in Fossil Osteology, and the Principia of Newton. The first subject, which occupies the whole of the first volume, is the one in which the public is likely to be most interested. It is treated in the form of a dialogue, the supposed speakers being Lord Brougham and Earl Spencer (lately Lord Althorp), who are described as meeting at the country residence of the former nobleman, soon after the election of the first parliament of Queen Victoria. Nor are the speakers alone supposed, for we are informed in the preface that such conversations have taken place between Lords Brougham and Althorp, and that their respective opinions are here, upon the whole, faithfully represented.

Lord Brougham endeavours throughout to show that instinct is something essentially different from reason, and he would almost appear to be of opinion that it is something higher, as he can only account for the certainty and precision of its proceedings by supposing that they are immediately prompted by the Deity, reason being, on the other hand, only an instrument for effecting divine intentions. He chiefly cites the bee in illustration of his doctrines. "I perceive," says he, "a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the experience gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing of course about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use, perhaps any use at all, is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg, just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched—and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm—nor ever saw a worm—nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence—and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing any thing, and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way, and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught—who works with knowledge of what he is about—and who works, intending end and meaning, and,

in a word, designing to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is rather perhaps the consequence of this difference than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike—whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay any two times, alike. Of all this I cannot indeed be quite certain as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect may have some plan or notion in her head implanted as the intelligent faculties are: all I know is the extreme improbability of it being so; and that I see facts, as her necessary ignorance of the existence and nature of her worm, and her working without experience, and I know that if I did the same things I should be acting without having learnt mathematics, and should be planning in ignorance of unborn issue; and I therefore draw my inference accordingly as to her proceedings."

On the other hand, Lord Althorp leans to the opinion that there are two kinds of mind, with different qualities, one being made so that it can act rationally, knowing and intending all it does, the other so that it acts without knowing or intending. He supposes a general law, by virtue of which the solitary wasp, for instance, has a desire to carry exactly the number of caterpillars required for feeding her worms after they are born. So the bee, he says, may form her hexagons and rhomboids, in consequence of a gratification felt by a fore-ordained law of her nature, in following those lines and angles, and no other. The views of Lord Althorp are certainly the more philosophical.

From the immediate consideration of instinct, the noble lords pass to the subject of animal intelligence, of which an immense variety of anecdotes are given, many old and some new. We shall endeavour to enliven our paper with some of those which appear the most curious, or are least generally known.

"Lord Althorp. Before quitting the bee, the ant, and the wasp, let us just observe their rational acts. They are nearly as notable as their instinctive ones. The bee, upon being interrupted by Huber in her operations, shortened the length of her cells; diminished their diameter; gradually made them pass through a transition from one state to another, as if she was making the instinctive process subservient to the rational; and, in fine, adapted her building to the novel circumstances imposed upon her; making it, in relation to these, what it would have been in relation to the original circumstance if they had continued unaltered. It is found, too, that the ant, beside the wonderful works which she instinctively performs, has the cunning to keep aphides, which she nourishes for the sake of obtaining from them the honey-dew forming her favourite food, as men keep cows for their milk, or bees for their honey."

Lord Brougham. On this discovery of Huber some doubt has lately been thrown; and do not let us trouble ourselves with any thing at all apocryphal, when the great body of the text is so ample and so pure. But the expeditions of a predatory nature are by all admitted. They resemble some of the worst crimes of the human race; the ants undertake expeditions for the purpose of seizing and carrying off slaves, whom they afterwards hold in subjection to do their work; so that the least significant and the most important of all animals agree together in committing the greatest of crimes—slave-trading."

A. With this material difference, that the ant does not pharisaically pretend to religion and virtue, while we bring upon religion the shame of our crimes by our disgusting hypocrisy. But the wasp, too, shows no little sagacity as well as strength. Dr Darwin relates an incident, to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail, and tried to fly away with the body, but finding that, owing to a breeze then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings one after the other with her mouth. She then flew away with the body unmolested by the wind."

B. I have myself observed many instances of similar fertility of resource in bees. But perhaps the old anecdote of the jackdaw is as good as any—who, when he found his beak could not reach the water he wanted to drink, threw into the pitcher pebble after pebble till he raised the surface of the liquid to the level of his beak. Lord Bacon tells of a raven filling up the hollows in a tree where water had settled."

A. Or the crows of whom Darwin speaks in the north of Ireland, who rise in the air with limpets and mussels, to let them fall on the rocks and break them, that they may come at the fish. It is said that animals never use tools, and Franklin has defined man a tool-making animal; but this is as nearly using tools as may be—at least, it shows the same fertility of resources, the using means towards an end."

B. Perhaps the most remarkable of all proofs of animal intelligence is to be found in the nymphs of water moths, which get into straws, and adjust the weight of their case so that it can always float—at least, Mr Smellie says that when too heavy they add a piece of straw or wood, and when too light a bit of gravel. If this be true, it is impossible to deny great intelligence to this insect."

A. Why should we doubt it! The crow in rising and letting the mussel fall, shows as great knowledge of gravitation as the moth in this case."

B. But an old monkey at Exeter Change, having

lost his teeth, used, when nuts were given him, to take a stone in his paw and break them with it. This was a thing seen forty years ago by all who frequented Exeter Change, and Darwin relates it in his *Zoonomia*. But I must say that he would have shown himself to be more of a philosopher had he asked the showman how the monkey learned this expedient. It is very possible he may have been taught it, as apes have oftentimes been taught human habits. Buffon, the great adversary of brute intelligence, allows that he had known an ape who dressed himself in clothes to which he had become habituated, and slept in a bed, pulling up the sheets and blankets to cover him before going to sleep; and he mentions another which sat at table, drank wine out of a glass, used a knife and fork, and wiped them on a table-napkin. All these things, of course, were the consequence of training, and showed no more sagacity than the feats of dancing-dogs and bears, or of the learned pig—unless it were proved that the ape on being taught these manipulations became sensible of their convenience, and voluntarily, and by preference, practised them—a position which no experiments appear to support. Smellie, however, mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable and raise the lid of the corn chest—things which must have been learnt by himself, from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do."

A. I have known, as most people living in the country have, similar instances, and especially in dogs."

B. But there is one instance of animals catching their prey in a way still more like the tool-making animal. I do not allude merely to the spider's web, or to the pelican's use of his large open pouch in fishing, but to an American bird, of which you find a curious account in the *Philadelphia Transactions*. It is called the *neun tödter* by the Germans, as we should say, the *nine-killer*, and is found to catch grasshoppers and spear them when dead upon twigs where the small birds come on which it feeds; for the grasshoppers themselves it never touches. These are left, generally about nine in number (from whence its name), the whole winter, and they attract the birds of which the animal in question makes its prey. This is really using one creature as a bait, in order thereby to decoy and catch another."

After an account of the ingenuity of the beaver, Lord A. proceeds—

"There seems reason to suppose that other animals still preserve their sagacity and act in concert. No one can have observed a flock of pigeons without perceiving that they have sentinels posted to give the alarm. Indeed, wilder birds act in like manner. Fieldfares, when they are occupying a tree which you approach, remain steady and fearless until one at the extremity rises on her wings and gives a loud and very peculiar note of alarm, when they all get up and fly, except one who continues till you get near, as if she remained to see that there really was occasion for the movement, and to call them back if the alarm proved a false one. She too at length flies off, repeating the alarm-note."

B. In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of five hundred or six hundred, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier, he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered, would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country, where reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Serjeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and, returning before dawn, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Serjeant, and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, 'Go, fetch them;' and he went

and singled out those very three. The Serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The Serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the geese one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him."

A. Dogs show the greatest talents in learning. The feats of pointers, but still more of shepherds' dogs, after making all the deductions you have mentioned, are astonishing. It almost seems as if the shepherd could communicate, by sign or by speech, his meaning, when he desires to have a particular thing done. But assuredly the dog takes his precautions exactly as he ought, to prevent the sheep from scattering, and to bring back runaways. Indeed, greyhounds and other dogs of chase, as well as pointers backing one another, show the adaptation of, and variation in, the means used towards an end.

B. Retrievers exceed all other dogs in this respect. There was one died here a year or two ago that could be left to watch game till the keeper went to a given place, and she would then join him after he had ranged the field; nay, could be sent to a spot where game had been left, and where she had not been before. Indeed, she did many other things which I have hardly courage to relate.

A. How were her pups? I have always found such extraordinary faculties hereditary.

B. My worthy, intelligent, and lamented friend, T. A. Knight (so long president of the Horticultural Society), has proved very clearly that the faculties of animals are hereditary to such a point as this. He shows that even their acquired faculties—the expertness they gain by teaching—descends in the race. His paper is exceedingly curious. But I think we need hardly go so far as to his minute details for proof of the fact. It is found that where man has not been, no animals are wild and run away from his approach. When Bougainville went to the Falkland Islands (or, as the French call them, the Malouines), he found himself and his men immediately surrounded by all kinds of beasts and birds, the latter settling on their shoulders. No navigators had ever been there before. Lord Monboddo says that the same thing had been related to him by navigators. It seems clear, then, that the running away from man, which seems natural to all wild animals in or bordering upon inhabited countries, is an acquired propensity, transmitted to the descendants of those whose experience first taught it them as necessary for their safety.

A. Have you Knight's paper here? I know the accuracy of his observation to equal his great ingenuity.

B. To that I too can bear my testimony. Here is his principal paper, read lately before the Royal Society. It is given as the result of his observations and experiments, made for a period of sixty years; it is therefore most justly entitled to great respect. He chiefly dwells on the case of springing spaniels, and among other instances gives this, which is indeed very remarkable. He found the young and untought ones as skilful as the old ones, not only in finding and raising the woodcocks, but in knowing the exact degree of frost which will drive those birds to springs and rills of unfrozen water. He gives the instance, too, of a young retriever, bred from a clever and thoroughly taught parent, which, being taken out at ten months old, with hardly any instruction at all, behaved as well and knowingly as the best taught spaniel, in rushing into the water for game that was shot, when pointed out to it, however small, bringing it, and depositing it, and then going again, and when none remained, seeking the sportsman and keeping by him. He imported some Norwegian ponies, mares, and had a breed from them. It was found that the produce 'had no mouth,' as the trainers say; and it was impossible to give it them; but they were otherwise perfectly docile. Now in Norway, draught horses, as I know, having travelled there and driven them, are all trained to go by the voice, and have no mouth. Again, he observed that they could not be kept between hedges, but walked deliberately through them—there being, he supposed, none in the country from which their dams came.

A. Does he speak of any other animal?

B. Yes, he mentions his observation on woodcocks, which he could remember having been far less wild half a century ago; for on its first arrival in autumn, it was tame, and chuckled about if disturbed, making but a very short flight, whereas now, and for many years past, it is very wild, running in silence and flying far. He gives an instance of sagacity in a dog, unconnected with hereditary intelligence. He one day had gone out with his gun and a servant, but no dog. Seeing a cock, he sent the servant who brought this spaniel. A month afterwards he again sent for the same dog from the same place. The servant was bringing him, when at twenty yards from the house the spaniel left him, and ran away to the spot, though it was above a mile distant. This he often repeated, and always with the same result, as if the animal knew what he was wanted for."

In the theoretical section respecting Animal Intelligence, the two lords nearly agree that the difference between the minds of brutes and men is only one in degree, not in kind.

In thus describing the most important section of Lord Brougham's book, and giving some specimens of the many curious facts which are brought together in that section, we have accomplished our main end. In the way of general remark, we have only to add, that the whole manner of the argument leaves on our minds a strong feeling of dissatisfaction. What, after all, have we here, or any where else, on this subject, but a collection of manifestations, theorised upon merely with reference, and in subserviency to, a number of preconceived notions? Lord Brougham is actually so much under prejudice, that, in judging of the very nice operations of the bee, he allows himself to be biased by the consideration that the human mind gives no similar power—as if the world of mind were necessarily bounded by our consciousness. On this footing, we should like to see the bee set up as a metaphysician, and deny that there could be such a thing as imagination under the control of natural laws, merely because there was no such thing felt by it to exist, though it had the testimony of a whole library of fiction laid before it. But we are not surprised that even so clever a person as Lord Brougham gives no satisfactory light on these subjects. He and the whole class of inquirers to which he belongs, obstinately overlook the principal, and perhaps the only true or philosophical means of ascertaining the natural character of mind, and its diversities in different species—a careful study of the nervous system. There is not one allusion to organisation in this book, as if the organs which the Deity has charged with the performance of the mental functions of his creatures were something to be ashamed of. A treatise on digestion, in which the stomach was not once alluded to, could not be a greater absurdity. Until Lord Brougham shall have paid at least as much attention to this subject as he evidently has to the dead and forgotten systems of the Scottish metaphysicians, he will never, we can safely predict, clear up the perplexed question of instinct, or any other connected with mental science.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MENTAL DISEASE.

WHEN insanity manifests itself, there is usually a great reluctance in the relatives of the party affected to place that individual in an asylum. There is, in the first place, perhaps, an unwillingness to part with an endeared relative. There may also be a hope that the disorder will prove susceptible of a speedy cure at home. But the most powerfully operative feeling usually is, a decided unwillingness to give the case the importance which a visit to an asylum is held to infer. It appears like breaking the character of the party, to send him or her to an asylum, seeing that a person who has once been under treatment in such a place, is ever after, however far a recovery may be effected, looked upon as a person declaredly liable to insanity, and who is therefore unfit to be trusted in many of the more important social relations. The consequences of this reluctance to resort to the aid offered in asylums, are of a very fatal kind. Insanity is a disorder which, like all others, is most easily cured in its earliest stages. It is also one which, whether early or late, can only be treated well by persons who have studied it carefully, and nearly, if not altogether, made its treatment their profession. So also it requires for its cure, that the patient be placed in certain circumstances, such as can only be realised in some place set apart for the purpose. To keep an insane person, then, in a family, under common treatment, is to give him a chance of cure much less than what he would have under the systematic regimen of a well-conducted asylum; it most probably allows a disease to take root, which, well treated at first, would have been soon removed; and perhaps, after all, domestic treatment having failed, the patient has to be sent to an asylum, in a condition which leaves the hope of cure, even there, very small indeed.

While such are the ordinary evils apt to arise from the keeping of insane relatives at home, there are others to be dreaded from the ungovernable feelings which sometimes possess the insane. Instances of dreadful violence committed by them, or only evaded or repressed with great difficulty, are far from uncommon. The following anecdote, which we know to be perfectly true, will illustrate what we mean. In York, some years ago, a gentleman and lady, in the relation of brother and sister, kept house together. The gentleman was liable to occasional fits of madness, but had never been placed in an asylum for medical treatment. One day, when he and his sister were about to sit down to dinner, he took up the carving-knife, and told his sister that a sudden thought had occurred to him: he thought that her head would make an exceedingly nice bottom-dish at table, and he had therefore resolved to cut it off, and place it there. The lady, observing a particular appearance of excitement in his eye, had no doubt of his being in earnest. Concealing her alarm, she tried to laugh at what he said as a joke, but he soon informed her that it was no jest which he meant. "Come," said he fiercely, "make ready." "Well, then, George," said she, "if you will do so, I suppose you must do it; but don't you think it would be proper that my head should have its best cap on, when placed in the dish. I will go to my room, and

put it on, and come back immediately." The madman was checked for a moment by this speech. She took advantage of the pause, moved past, and rushed towards her room, which chanced to be on the same floor. George was instantly at her heels, but she had time to get in and bolt the door. She then called for assistance from a window, while her brother was thundering without. Several persons immediately entered the house, and secured the madman, who was that night sent to an asylum, where he was in time cured by proper treatment.

The root of the evil which is the subject of the present note, is to be found in the erroneous ideas entertained respecting insanity, and asylums for the insane. A strangely painful feeling is always connected with these things, the result, we cannot help believing, of an unphilosophical notion as to mental disease, and of the wretched manner in which asylums were formerly conducted. In reality, mental disease is only disease: it is an affection of organic parts, quite as much as scurvy or consumption. It is also capable of being ministered to, with a view to its cure, in all respects as other maladies are. Asylums are, or ought to be, nothing more or less than infirmaries for this class of diseases. They stand apart, because it is a class of diseases requiring appropriate buildings; in this there is nothing more remarkable than in the separation of a fever-ward from a common hospital. The ordinary notions, implanted by such descriptions as Harley's visit to Bedlam in the *Man of Feeling*, are all of them inapplicable to such establishments in the present day. We are inclined to think that much harm is done by such descriptions in fictitious literature, and also by the terms commonly used to describe asylums. The word *mad-house* is, to our ears, one of the most horrible of vulgar barbarisms. The connection of the word "lunatic" with asylums is little better. The feelings raised by those appellatives operate immensely in causing persons of the ordinary world to shrink from committing their insane relatives either to public or private asylums. They should all of them be abolished, and a phraseology substituted in accordance with a just view of mental disease, and with the humanity of the age.

Were this recommendation followed—were the importance of early treatment in asylums better known—we have little doubt that these institutions would be more generally resorted to, and a material deduction made from the amount of evil experienced in consequence of mental disease.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

CONDITION OF BELGIUM.

A STAY of a few days in Brussels impressed us with a very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. Both in external aspect, and in a number of social peculiarities, it bears a marked resemblance to Paris; but the people here, and in some other places in Belgium, are much more like the English than the French. The Belgians are an active and business-minding people, and, though lively enough in their manner, evidently are not wanting in the solid qualities requisite for the mercantile character. Those whom we see in such towns as Brussels cannot be distinguished from English in any thing but their language—they may be called an English people speaking French—while those in the country, who form the Flemish part of the population, are remarkable for their old-fashioned steady habits, like their brethren the boors of Holland.

It is a fact well ascertained by minute statistical inquiry, that the agricultural population of Belgium are at this moment among the most contented, virtuous, and generally comfortable peasantry in the world. The farms are for the most part of a small size, just sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and support a family in a humble but decent manner. Among a people who would disregard the dictates of prudence, such a mode of small farming would speedily cover the soil with a swarm of paupers; but among the Flemings no such result ensues. The too rapid increase of population is checked by the universal desire to marry only when the subsistence for a family can be readily and honestly obtained by industry. Conversing on this subject at Brussels with M. le Comte Arrivabene, we were informed by that gentleman that he had resided for eleven years in a village called Gaesbeck, in the province of Brabant, containing 364 inhabitants, and that during the whole of that period neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters and cultivators of land to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable. They are all Roman Catholics, and exceedingly devout. Their piety, however, does not make them gloomy and morose: they have fifteen holidays throughout the year, exclusive of Sundays; and these they partly devote to dancing and out-of-door amuse-

ments. The food of this cheerful, industrious, and religious people, is of a very simple kind. It consists of coffee with bread early in the morning; bread, butter, and cheese, at nine o'clock; potatoes with lard at noon; in the evening a salad with bread; and occasionally there is a little beer.*

I heard every where that the rural population of Belgium are greatly under the dominion of the priests, who thus have it in their power to affect the returns of members to the legislature, and indirectly control the government. I was further assured that the clergy were opposed to a national system of education on the broad and liberal basis of that in Holland, and that therefore there was little chance of a law to that effect being passed. The priests, it is mentioned, fear that any extended process of instruction will undermine the present virtuous and contented habits of the peasantry; and this, I believe, is their only real motive for objecting to the measure. Meanwhile, education is by no means extinct or feebly conducted in Belgium. William, while governing the Netherlands, did much to promote the extension of primary schools, and these institutions may now be considered as fixed in the country. Whatever may be the momentary effect of the opposition of the priests, I feel certain, from all that came under my notice, that nothing short of political convulsion can now permanently restrict the improvement of Belgium in all branches of its social condition.

In Brussels, there is a considerable number of schools, some of which are on a very extensive scale, more like universities than preparatory seminaries for youth. After having visited two of the principal establishments of this nature, I sought out certain schools of a humble order, with the view of comparing them with what had come under my attention in Holland. I shall describe one of them. It is an "Ecole premarie gratuite," or charity school of primary instruction, supported by the town for the benefit of the poorer class of children, and is situated in an alley leading from one of the main thoroughfares. At the period of my visit it contained 500 children of both sexes; the boys, who are most numerous, occupying the lower, and the girls the upper floor. The whole is under the direction of a head master, M. Zuyten, who, with the greatest good will, explained to me the nature of the instruction which is given. The rows of forms are arranged the same as in Holland, by which all the children look one way; the masters have no seats; and on the sloping bench in front of each scholar, there is a slate sunk or fixed in the wood, so that no slates can be tossed about or broken. The branches of instruction are reading in French and Flemish, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, and drawing, to which are added explanations by the master respecting the familiar phenomena of nature. As all the children are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the church catechism, and simple lessons of a pious nature, are taught in the school, the business of thorough instruction in religion being left to the clergy in after years. The books in use contain much useful knowledge of a simple kind, and inculcate, among other social duties, the necessity of politeness or civilité, also cleanliness and order; all which admonitions are further explained and illustrated in a practical manner by the teacher. Both here and in the Dutch schools, habits of propriety and cleanliness are strictly enforced, not only in but out of doors. I regret to say that I do not know a single school in Scotland in which there are any express injunctions delivered on this point, or any surveillance exercised beyond the doors of the establishment. The parents being in most cases equally negligent, the consequences are such as will not bear description. The deficiencies of our instruction in these respects contrast very unfavourably with what comes under the inspection of the visitor to the Dutch and Flemish schools and households. The inculcation of habits of personal cleanliness, and of civilité, or good manners, as we would term it, forms one of the most pleasing traits of the course of instruction in the Netherlands.

The only thing that struck me as peculiar in this large school was the method of instruction in drawing. It has been already mentioned that we saw the children in a school at Haarlem amusing themselves with drawing figures on their slates, either from copies on the walls, or according to their own fancy. There was in this, however, nothing systematic, and perhaps it will prove of little benefit to the pupils. The plan is very different at Brussels; all the children are taught to draw in a most systematic manner. Along the walls of the school are hung up large sheets covered with printed diagrams, commencing from the simplest geometrical figures up to complex designs. The pupils—little fellows of six and seven years—are taught

to draw these figures, naming them as they proceed, on a large black board with chalk and compasses. Each pupil, alternately, is thus allowed to exhibit as a monitor, while those not actually operating on the board try to follow the designs on a smaller scale on their slates. By these means, both freedom of execution and facility in copying are attained. The object desired is not to make the pupils accomplished draughtsmen, for that can only be done by the study of the rules of perspective in more advanced years, but to teach them the forms of objects according to the principles of geometry, and to accustom them to handle the implements used in drawing. In the girls' class, a similar method of teaching is pursued; but in their case the instructions are chiefly confined to the drawing of ornamental forms for patterns in sewing. M. Zuyten stated that, when the boys brought up in this school went to mechanical employments, for which almost all of them were destined, they found great practical benefit from their drawing lessons; especially such as became stone-masons, carpenters, and house-painters. "As for the girls," he continued, "Brussels is celebrated for its manufacture of lace; and how can we maintain our superiority in that species of fabric, unless our young women are initiated in the principles of design?" These explanations seem so reasonable and conclusive, that they require no comment.

Every thing considered, the degree of prosperity of Belgium at the present time is very remarkable. At the revolution which separated them from the Dutch, they lost almost the whole of the trade carried on with the colonies of the Netherlands, as these colonies reverted to Holland, to which the large India vessels henceforth proceeded. For about two years after the revolution of 1830, the external commerce of the country languished, but the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, and the opening to them of the navigation of the Scheldt, soon changed the face of affairs. To make this clear, it may be mentioned that, in 1829, the year preceding the revolution, the number of vessels which entered the port of Antwerp was 1031, and the number is now above 1400 annually; the same proportional increase being observable at the only other seaport, Ostend. Without a single colony, the commerce of Belgium is daily extending. At present the annual value of the external commerce of the kingdom is equal to 360 millions of francs, of which 210 millions are imports, and 150 millions are exports. The total burden of vessels entering the ports of Belgium in 1836, amounted to 232,535 tons.

Symptoms of the revival and establishment of manufactures are observable in many places in Belgium, but few are seen any where in Holland. The Dutch are a sagacious and most respectable people—their orderliness, industry, and cleanliness, are beyond all praise; they are, however, at present not an advancing, or, on the whole, a thriving people. What may be the true causes of this, it would, perhaps, be presumptuous in me to say. My impression is, that there is little genius or enterprise amongst them; at least, they seem to have no idea of readily adopting and employing mechanical expedients with the view of enlarging the bounds of manufacturing industry, while their inordinate self-esteem as a nation (nourished to an improper extent in their school instruction), prevents them from imitating those who are fit to set them an example. Satisfied with their usages, their industry, and all that belongs to them, they remain the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Their towns never seem to grow any larger, their canals and roads are what they were a hundred years since, and, excepting some little additional energy in education, I am not aware of any advance they are making on a general scale. In short, they are a nation in *stereotype*—a work upon which few or no corrections or improvements can be permitted.

Belgium presents a totally different spectacle, and one leading reason for this is probably the greater political freedom of the country. Holland is bowed to the earth with taxation; the human mind is oppressed with the spirit of methodic system. Belgium suffers comparatively little from taxation, and the hand of every one is free to pursue that line of industry which his heart desireth. Except at Haarlem, I do not remember seeing in Holland any tall brick chimnies in connection with steam-engines for the manufacture of tissue fabrics. Now, there are many of these emblems of manufacturing industry in Belgium. In Ghent, I observed several of late erection in connection with establishments over whose doors were painted the words "Katoen Spinnerij." The following scraps of information, gathered from works which I procured in Belgium, will convey a tolerable idea of the present state of the manufactures of the country.

Woolen tissues, once the staple of the Netherlands, now employ annually about 14,000,000 francs' worth of foreign wool, to which may be added 200,000 francs' worth of wool of native growth. The woolen cloths are now preferred to the French, and those of black dye are in colour superior to the English. The principal manufactories are those of Verviers, Liege, Dolhain, Hodimont, Stavelot, Thuin, Poperinghe, and Ypres. In the year 1833, the returns of the Belgian Chambers showed that in Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen were employed, the products of their labour amounting to 25,000,000 francs. Stuffs, such as Hannels, serges, camlets, &c. are manufactured in all the provinces, but particularly in Antwerp and in Hainault.

The manufacture of carpets is likewise considerable. The manufactory of Messrs Schumacher, Overmann, and Co., at Tournay, is one of the finest in Europe; 1600 workmen are there constantly occupied. The quantity manufactured annually in this establishment amounts to more than 120,000 metres, 7-8ths of which are for exportation. Other carpet manufactories exist on a smaller scale in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Courtrai.

Flax is one of the principal agricultural products of Belgium, and brings a high price in the foreign markets, on account of its excellent quality. It is raised principally in Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The provinces of East and West Flanders produce annually flax to the amount of 40,000,000 francs. The linen of Flanders is still held in high esteem, the climate being apparently well suited for its manufacture; nearly all the cities of the lower provinces manufacture it in abundance, but the productions of the looms of Bruges and Courtrai are considered the most beautiful, and sell for the highest price. Mr J. Cockerill has lately established at Liege a steam-loom linen factory, in which a 90-horse power engine is employed. In the year 1836, the returns showed a great increase in the quantity of linen sold in the Belgian markets; the total of the produce of the looms in Belgium in that year amounted to 750,000 pieces, of the value of nearly 100,000,000 of francs. In the manufacturing of flax alone, there are upwards of 400,000 persons employed, or a tenth of the entire population.

The manufacture of cotton goods is increasing rapidly, in consequence of the general introduction of the best kinds of machinery, and of steam power. The cotton manufactures give employment in Antwerp and Flanders to 122,000 workmen, and absorb a capital of sixty millions of francs; the total value of the manufactured articles amounts annually to eighty-four millions of francs.

The feeding of silk worms, and the preparation of silk, is a trade also on the increase. The silk fabrics now manufactured in the country are esteemed for their good qualities, and already the exports of these tissues into France exceed the imports from that country. The provinces of Antwerp and Brabant contain the principal silk manufactories. The quantity of native silk produced in 1837 amounted to 1591 kilogrammes.

The lace of Belgium has been always admired for its texture, and the beauty of the flowered work. Very beautiful lace, as already mentioned, is made in Brussels in the establishment of Messrs Duetpiaux and Co. Lace of a secondary order is made in abundance in the provinces of Antwerp and Flanders. In Mons there is a lace school, designed to carry the workers to the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of this article. The tulle, or fine-net gauzes, of Belgium, are in great request in foreign countries. The tambour and fine-sewing work gives employment to upwards of 50,000 females. Above two millions of francs' worth of lace and tulle are annually exported.

The mechanical ingenuity of the Belgians is particularly observable in the manufacture of cabinet work and elegant house-furniture. The cabinet manufactories of Brussels are very extensive, and the articles which are there made, are noted for their elegance and solidity. Immense quantities are annually exported to England, Germany, and America. The Dutch are so completely behind in works of this description, that fine house-furniture cannot be procured at any price in Rotterdam. The tables and chairs of houses furnished in a comfortable manner are imported from London.

The ingenuity of the Belgians equally enables them to excel in coach-making. Immense quantities of vehicles of an elegant kind are now made for home use, and for exportation into foreign countries. The hackney-coaches and chaises in Brussels, and other towns, also the railway carriages, are as neat and comfortable as any made in England. The French are very much behind in the construction of all sorts of vehicles.

The manufacture, at Liege, of steam-engines, locomotive machines, power-looms, muskets, and other articles of iron, has already been adverted to; also the cutlery of Namur. In Liege and its environs, including Namur, there cannot be fewer than 20,000 men employed in the iron trade. Machinery is now also fabricated in Brussels, Charleroi, Bruges, Nivelles, Tirlemont, Herne, and Yve. At Charleroi nearly 6000 workmen are employed in the manufacture of nails.

The porcelain works of Belgium are now in a thriving condition, and the quality of the articles manufactured rivals those of England, Saxony, and France.

Sugar-refining is carried on, upon a very extensive scale, in many parts of the kingdom. The quantity exported from Ghent alone, in 1836, amounted to 3,998,320 kilogrammes.

The business of beer-brewing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The number of breweries amounts to 2800, and a large portion of their produce is exported. The best beers are made at Lembeck, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, and Hoegaerde. Immense quantities of spirits are also annually exported.

The manufacture of paper is rapidly improving, by the introduction of paper-making machines and English workmen. The books printed at Brussels are now upon as good paper as the greater part of London publications. In this respect alone, the Belgians are a century in advance of the Dutch. All the school

* The Count Arrivabene has contributed a paper to one of the English Poor-Law Reports, describing at large the condition of the Flemish peasantry.

treatises and other works of native produce which came under my attention in Holland, are printed in a very coarse style upon hand-made paper, of as coarse a quality as that which is used in England for wrapping up tea and sugar. Perhaps the reader may smile when I suggest that the condition of a country may be pretty well known by the number and variety of its printed placards on the walls. In the towns up the Rhine, few samples of this species of literature meet the eye. You may see a theatre bill, or something else of a trifling kind, but no variety of intimations such as one observes in England. In Holland the press is so completely under surveillance, that every placard and handbill is taxed and stamped like a newspaper. The walls, therefore, except on the great occasions at the fairs, or when there is to be a sale of colonial produce, exhibit few printed affiches. Not so in Belgium. The walls of Brussels are gaudy with placards, making announcements of sales of all kinds, the publication of books, the establishment of schools, the opening of places of amusement, and a thousand other things. Printed paper is, in short, seen every where; and whatever may be said of the religious bigotry of the Belgians, it is perfectly clear that they have shot considerably ahead of the Dutch, as respects books, newspapers, and all the other products of the press.

Such is a rough sketch of the principal branches of manufacture now established in Belgium. The variety and extent of the manufactures are daily increasing, for not only are the people active and skilful in the pursuits to which they direct themselves, but the government is animated by the keenest desire to encourage the progress of all branches of industry. National expositions, as they are called, or public exhibitions of new manufactures, have been instituted, and take place annually at Brussels; and at these, gold and silver medals are awarded to a large amount. A satisfactory proof of the increase of manufacturing establishments in Belgium, is afforded by the number of authorisations or licences which were issued between 1830 and 1838. In the province of Antwerp, the number of authorisations for the establishment of manufactories was 171, in Brabant 259, in West Flanders 209, in East Flanders 159, in Hainault 698, in Liege 260, in Namur 57, in Limburg 129, and in Luxembourg 20; making a total of 1962 new manufactories, in which are constantly to be found in operation 400 steam-engines.

The improvement of agriculture, fisheries, mining, and other departments of industry, is keeping pace with the advance of manufactures. In the Museum of Arts at Brussels, I observed a variety of the implements of husbandry, according to the latest improvements in Britain—something very different from the show of antiquated rubbish which came under my notice in the collection at Utrecht. On the coast of Belgium are found skate, plaice, soles, turbot, whiting, smelts, a small species of cod, sardines, and crabs. The outward fisheries consist principally of cod, herrings, and oysters. For this distant sea fishery 200 vessels are employed. The cod introduced to the country by the Ostend vessels amounted in 1837 to 8175 tons.

The mines form an important department of national industry. There are three mining districts; the first, which comprehends Hainault, contains 150 mines in a superficial extent of 102,415 hectares (the hectare is nearly two-thirds of an English acre); the second, which extends to the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg, contains 95 mines in an extent of 30,030 hectares; and the third, which embraces the provinces of Liege and Limburg, contains 138 mines in an extent of 32,777 hectares. The principal mineral riches consist of coals, of which Hainault produces more than the whole of France. The coal mines of Mons, Charleroi, Liege, and Marimont, furnish annually 3,200,000,000 kilogrammes; besides which, there are many other mines of less importance. In 1836, 31,190 workmen were employed in 230 coal mines, and the products were estimated at 32,000,000 francs; while in France, where similar mines might be worked with extraordinary success, there are but 198 in operation, employing 17,500 miners, and producing annually about 19,000,000 francs. Iron mines abound in the southern provinces in conjunction with those of coal. Copper is principally found in Hainault and Liege; lead in the latter, Namur, and Luxembourg; zinc in Namur, Hainault, and Liege; and pyrites, calamine, sulphur, and alum, in Liege and Namur.

The whole country included between the frontier of France and a line supposed to be drawn from Ostend to Arlon (including the province of Liege), abounds in marble, slate, hewing stone, and lime. Large quantities of marble are quarried, some specimens of which are exceedingly beautiful. The black marble of Denant is of great value and in high request.

In concluding these details respecting the raw and manufactured products of Belgium, it is necessary, for the completion of the picture of national prosperity, to revert to the improved mode of communication by railways, which, as already mentioned, is still only in its infancy. In a few years, should no untoward event occur, a considerable traffic will be carried on through Belgium with Germany, instead of as at present through Holland and the Lower Rhine. The Dutch, in pertinaciously appropriating or contending for the navigation of the Maas, will shortly find themselves, as respects the commerce of Germany, in possession of a barren privilege, and never will the world have witnessed such a striking example of the triumph of

science and enterprise over narrow-mindedness and greed. Independently of any advantage which Belgium may derive from this anticipated trade with the upper regions of Germany—laying its railways entirely out of the question—it is indisputable that it will speedily prove, if it is not already, a formidable rival to England both in manufactures and commerce. In the manufacture of many articles, it has already attained an equal skill; in returns from this source it must already be not far behind Great Britain, in proportion to its size and population. Taking its efforts in conjunction with those of its Prussian neighbours, we may be perfectly assured of the fact, that the long-boasted supremacy of England in all kinds of industrial operations is about to pass away, or at least to be divided with other countries.

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

DURING the three years he spent at Ellisland, Burns was so deeply engaged in the labours of his farm and those connected with his appointment in the Excise, that he had little of either time or inclination for the cultivation of his poetical gift. Yet, even in this busy time, he contrived to celebrate the charms of one or two local divinities. One of these was Miss Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben: spending an evening at the manse, he was greatly pleased with this young lady, who did the honours of the table; and he next morning presented at breakfast the lines which have made her immortal—

"I gae'd a waeft' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue:
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew;
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wi'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the sound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll ablin listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue."

Miss Jeffrey married a gentleman named Renwick, and accompanied him to New York, where, we presume, she still resides. Mr George Thomson, in the second edition of his *Scottish Melodies* (1830), gives an interesting note respecting her. "The editor's son," says he, "who happened to be at New York about eight years ago, gave him the following gratifying account of her, and of what fell from her respecting the Poet. 'I was introduced to Mrs Renwick by her son, the Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College. She is a widow—has still the remains of Burns's delightful portrait of her: her *twa sweet een*, that gave him his death, are yet clear and full of expression: she has great suavity of manners and much good sense. She told me that she often looks back, with a melancholy satisfaction, on the many evenings she spent in the company of the great bard, in the social circle of her father's fireside, listening to the brilliant sallies of his fine imagination, and to his delightful conversation. 'Many times,' said she, 'have I seen Burns enter my father's dwelling in a cold rainy night, after a long ride over the dreary moors. On such occasions one of the family would help to disencumber him of his dreadnought and boots, while others brought him a pair of slippers, and made him a warm dish of tea. It was during these friendly visits that he felt himself perfectly happy, and opened his whole soul to us, repeated, and even sang many of his admirable songs, and enchanted all who had the good fortune to be present with his manly luminous observations and artless manners. I never,' she added, 'could fancy that Burns had ever followed the rustic occupation of the plough, because every thing he said or did had a gracefulness and charm that was in an extraordinary degree engaging.'"

About 1791, a young English lady, named Miss Deborah Davies, resided in Dumfriesshire. She was the youngest daughter of Dr Davies of Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and related by marriage to some of the best Dumfriesshire and Galloway families: her eldest sister had married the Honourable Adam Gordon, a younger brother of the present venerable Lord Kenmure. She was highly educated and accomplished, a writer of verses, extremely witty and agreeable, and an exquisite beauty, though of rather small stature. Some complimentary imagination called her one of the Graces in miniature. Burns met this young gentleman, and, as might be expected, was greatly delighted with her. Recalling the structure and burden of an old song, he thus wrote about her—

"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wd wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should time.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine."

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wd wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should time!"

Afterwards, in a more elaborate attempt to do justice to her, he informs us that the tuneless powers which whisper inspiration must make an effort beyond all former efforts, before they can faithfully depict the charms of this exquisite creature.

"Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances."

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wd in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire,
The charms o' lovely Davies."

We learn from a nephew of the lady, through a note in Mr A. Cunningham's edition of Burns, that in her case, as in so many others, "wit, and grace, and love, and beauty," all failed to secure for Miss Davies a happy fate. Her story, as related by Mr C., is extremely touching:—"It was the destiny of Miss Davies to become acquainted with Captain Delany, who made himself acceptable to her by sympathising in her pursuits, and by writing verses to her, calling her his 'Stella,' an ominous name, which might have brought the memory of Swift's unhappy mistress to her mind. An offer of marriage was made, and accepted: but Delany's circumstances were urged as an obstacle; delays ensued; a coldness on the lover's part followed; his regiment was called abroad, he went with it; she heard from him once and no more, and was left to mourn the change of affection—to droop and die. He perished in battle, or by a foreign climate, soon after the death of the young lady, of whose love he was so unworthy.

The following verses on this unfortunate attachment form part of a poem found among her papers at her death: she takes Delany's portrait from her bosom, presses it to her lips, and says,

"Next to thyself, 'tis all on earth,
Thy Stella dear doth hold;
The glass is clouded with my breath,
And as my bosom cold:
That bosom which so oft has glow'd,
With love and friendship's name,
Where you the seed of love first sow'd,
That kindled into flame.
You there neglected let it burn,
It seized the vital part,
And left my bosom as an urn
To hold a broken heart;
I once had thought I should have been
A tender happy wife,
And pass'd my future days serene
With thee, my James, through life."†

We now arrive at the not less remarkable story of the "Chloris" of Burns. About the time when the poet came to Ellisland, Mr William Lorimer, a substantial farmer, came to reside at Kemmis-hall, a farm on the opposite side of the Nith, about two miles nearer Dumfries. Mr Lorimer, like many other tenants of the Duke of Queensberry, had realised some wealth in consequence of an extremely favourable lease, and he now, in addition to farming, carried on extensive mercantile transactions in Dumfries and at Kemmis-hall. It was in consequence of his dealing in teas and spirits that he fell under the attention of the poet, who then protected the revenue interests in ten parishes. Burns became intimate with the Lorimers. They scarcely ever had company at their house, without inviting him; they often sent him delicacies from their farm; and whenever he passed their way on his professional tours, Mrs Lorimer was delighted to minister to his comforts with a basin of tea, or whatever else he might please to have. A daughter of the family collects seeing many letters of his addressed to her father: one contained only the words, "Coming, sir," a quaint answer, probably, to some friendly note of invitation. No fiscal visitor was ever so liked as he; but then he was the most good-natured of such visitors—of which one little circumstance, recollected by the person above mentioned, may be sufficient proof. Having arrived one evening, and having, without Mrs L.'s knowledge, put up his horse in the stable, he came in by the back entrance, and so into the kitchen, where the lady was busy in the preparation of a considerable quantity of candles for home consumption—

† From above the sky.

‡ Several other ladies about this time received the compliment of a song from Burns, but little can be said of them. The "Bonnie Jean" of the song beginning "There was a lass and she was fair," was Miss M'Murdo, daughter of a gentleman who resided at Drumlanrig, as land-agent for the Duke of Queensberry, on his grace's Dumfriesshire estates. To Miss Janet Miller, daughter of his landlord Patrick Miller of Dalwhinton, and afterwards wife of John Thomas Erskine, who became thirteenth Earl of Mar, he addressed the song, "Will thou be my dearie?" Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive, who died of consumption soon after the poet, was the heroine of "Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town?" He has also two songs on Miss Phillis M'Murdo, a younger sister of Bonnie Jean. The M'Murdos were all beauties, and the family is still remarkable for an unusual share of personal loveliness.

candles being then an excisable article. He looked not—he stopped not—but, only remarking, "Faith, ma'am, you're thrang to-night," passed hastily on to the parlour.

Mr Lorimer's eldest daughter Jean was at this time a very young lady, but possessed of uncommon personal charms. Her form was symmetrical itself, and, notwithstanding hair of flaxen lightness, the beauty of her face was universally admired. A Mr Gillespie, a brother officer of Burns, settled at Dumfries, was already enslaved by Miss Lorimer; and to his suit the poet lent all his influence. When it is mentioned that the young lady had been born at Craighieburn, a mansion romantically situated amidst beautiful woods near Moffat, the strain of the following song, which he wrote in Gillespie's behalf, will be understood:

"Sweet closes the evening on Craighie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morn;
But the pride of the spring in the Craighie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they have none for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
I see thee graceful, straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee."

This pleading was in vain, and Miss Lorimer became the wife of another, under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. About this time, a young gentleman named Whelpdale, connected with the county of Cumberland, and who had already signalled himself by profuse habits, settled at Barnhill, near Moffat, as a farmer. He was acquainted with a respectable family named Johnston at Drumcrieff, near Craighieburn, where Miss Lorimer visited. He thus became acquainted with the young beauty. He paid his addresses to her, and it is supposed that she was not adverse to his suit. One night in March 1793, when the poor girl was still some months less than eighteen years of age, and of course possessed of little prudence or knowledge of the world, he took her aside, and informed her that he could no longer live except as her husband: he therefore entreated her to elope with him that very night to Gretina Green, in order that they might be married, and threatened to do himself some extreme mischief if she should refuse. A hard-wrung consent to this most imprudent step fixed her fate to sorrow for life. The pair had not been united for many months, when Mr W. was obliged by his debts to remove hastily from Barnhill, leaving his young wife no resource but that of returning to her parents at Kemmis-hall. She saw her husband no more for twenty-three years!

Though Burns had now removed to Dumfries, his intimacy with the Kemmis-hall family was kept up—and, let it be remarked, he was not intimate with them merely as an individual, but as the head of a family, for his wife was as much the friend and associate of the Lorimers as himself, though perhaps less frequently at their house. When Jean returned thither in her worsted widowed state, she was still under nineteen, and in the full blaze of her uncommon beauty. It was now that she became more particularly a heroine of the Ayrshire poet. She became so under the appellation of Chloris—a ridiculous appellation of the pastoral poets of a past age, but which, somehow, does not appear ridiculous in the verse of Burns. He is found in September 1794—at which time she was exactly nineteen—celebrating her in the following imperishable stanzas—the passion of which must, however, be understood as merely ideal, and expressed under favour of the poetical licence:—

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Two laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae willing,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she loes me best of a.
Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Here are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she loes me best of a.
Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By whimpering burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou loes me best of a!"

About the same time he composed in her honour the sweet pastoral song of "Lassie wi' the lint-white-locks," and in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated October 19, he speaks of her in the following whimsical terms:—"She is one of the finest women in Scotland, and in fact (entre nous) is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, or friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song; to be in some measure equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation! *Tout au contraire*. I have a glorious recipe; the very one that, for his own use, was invented by the god of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses." To the same letter he adds a postscript, mentioning that, since the above was written, he has been dining with a friend in the country, where he met with his muse, Chloris. In returning home, he says, he got into song, and composed, with reference to her, what has always appeared to us as one of the very finest of all his songs—that beginning,

"Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud, which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bowler
Chants o'er the breathing flower,
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' songs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day."

In the ensuing month, the enthusiastic poet is found composing a fifth song on Mrs Whelpdale—

"My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair."—&c.

He then implores Mr Thomson to send him one copy of his Collection, to be presented to this divinity. After all, we find Burns, in the ensuing May, writing an impassioned song "On Chloris being ill," and still further extolling her charms in a sixth song, "Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin," in which the name is changed to Mary. As some amends for such persevering attention to the charms of another besides his wife, we discover, in the same letter to Mr Thomson, the song entitled "Caledonia," in which he makes so graceful an allusion to his Mauchline mistress and spouse.

The measure of Mrs Whelpdale's poetical honours was not yet, however, full. In the early part of 1795, he made her the heroine of a song beginning, "Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion," of another much finer, "O bonnie was yon rosy brier;" and of still another, being the ninth, beginning, "Forlorn, my love, no comfort near." In all these effusions the reigning sentiment is love, that fictitious passion which Burns describes in the letter to Mr Thomson. We may admire the poetry, but we can have little interest in the feeling. Very different is it with a modest set of verses which the bard inscribed on a copy of his poems presented to Mrs Whelpdale: he is there only the kind friend, deploring her misfortunes and endeavouring to whisper comfort:

"Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising muse.
Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few.
Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower).
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve."

Some years after this outpouring of verse on her account, the father of Mrs Whelpdale became unfortunate, and ceased to be the wealthy man he had once been. The tuneful tongue which had sung her praise, and lamented her sorrows, was also laid in silence in Dumfries churchyard.* She continued to derive no

* Burns, in his latter years, alluded to Mrs Riddell of Woodleigh Park in the songs, "Wert thou in the cauld blast," and "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?" He celebrated Miss Lesley Baillie (now Mrs Cumming of Logie) in "Saw ye bonnie Lesley?" And Miss Jessie Lewars (now Mrs Thomson, Dumfries) is the heroine of the exquisite song "Here's a health to aye I loe dear," besides one or two others.

income from her husband, and scarcely even to know in what part of the world he lived. She was now, therefore, compelled to accept of a situation as plain governess, in which capacity she passed some years in various respectable families in different parts of Scotland. Some time in the year 1816, in returning from a visit to her brother in Sunderland, she inquired at Brampton, near Carlisle, for her husband, and learned that she had only missed seeing him by a few hours, as he had that day been in the village. He was now squandering some fourth or fifth fortune, which had been left to him by a relation. Not long after, learning that he was imprisoned for debt at Carlisle, she went to see him. Having announced to him her wish for an interview, she went to the place where he was confined, and was desired to walk in. His lodging was pointed out to her on the opposite side of a quadrangle, round which there was a covered walk, as in the ambulatories of the ancient religious houses. As she walked along one side of this court, she passed a man whose back was towards her—a bulky-looking person, slightly paralytic, and who shuffled in walking, as from lameness. As she approached the door, she heard this man pronounce her name. "Jean!" he said, and then immediately added, as under a more formal feeling, "Mrs Whelpdale!" It was her husband—the gay youth of 1793 being now transformed into a broken-down middle-aged man, whom she had passed without even suspecting who he was. The wife had to ask the figure if he was her husband, and the figure answered that he was. To such a scene may a romantic marriage lead! There was kindness, nevertheless, between the long-separated pair. Wrong so great as the blight of a whole life cannot well be forgiven; but we can impose a truce upon our bitterest feelings. What passed in the minds of these two beings respecting each other, can never be known, and it would not be easy to hazard a conjecture on such a subject. It is certain that Jean spent a month in Carlisle, calling upon him every day, and then returned to Scotland. Some months afterwards, when he had been liberated, she paid him another visit; but his utter inability to make a prudent use of any money entrusted to him, rendered it quite impossible that they should ever renew their conjugal life. After this, she never saw him again.

The subsequent life of the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks" was spent in Edinburgh, in a degree of obscurity which leaves us to suppose that her circumstances were very humble. We believe the highest employments by which this unfortunate lady endeavoured to sustain life, were little superior to those of an ordinary domestic. She never ceased to be elegant in her form and comely of face; nor did she ever cease to recollect that she had been the subject of some dozen compositions by one of the greatest modern masters of the lyre. About the year 1825, a benevolent gentleman to whom she had made her penury known, bestowed himself in her behalf, and represented her case in the public prints, with the hope of drawing forth a little money for her relief. His wife, having sent her some newspapers containing the paragraphs which he had written, received the following note, in which we cannot help thinking there is something not unworthy of a poetical heroine:

"Burns's Chloris is infinitely obliged to Mrs — for her kind attention in sending the newspapers, and feels pleased and flattered by having so much said and done in her behalf.

Ruth was kindly and generously treated by Boaz; perhaps Burns's Chloris may enjoy a similar fate in the fields of men of talent and worth.

March 2, 1825."

The lady here addressed saw Mrs Whelpdale several times, and was greatly pleased with her conversation, which showed considerable native acuteness of understanding, and a play of wit such as might have been supposed to charm a high intellect in one of the opposite sex. Afterwards, our heroine obtained a situation as housekeeper with a gentleman residing in Newington, and there she lived for some time in the enjoyment, she said, of greater comfort than she had ever known since she first left her father's house. But a pulmonary affection of a severe nature gradually undermined her health, and she was ultimately obliged to retire to a humble lodging in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow, near the place where Burns had first met with Clarinda. Here she lingered for some time in great suffering, being chiefly supported by her late master; and here, in September 1831, she breathed her last. Her remains were interred in Newington burying-ground. Her husband, who latterly lived at Langholm in Dumfriesshire, on a small pension, survived her three or four years.

Poor Chloris is a sad memento of the evils which spring to woman from one rash step in what is, for that sex, the most important movement in life. Life was to her clouded in its morn; every grace that heaven gives to make woman a charm and a solace to man, was possessed in vain; all through this false step, taken, though it was, at a time when she could scarcely be considered as responsible for her own actions. Alas, how many fair creatures of equal promise come through one chance and another to bitterness! Yet, while there are hearts that can forgive error, and pity its consequences, while there are souls capable of appreciating poetry not ill-named divine, must the name of this unfortunate woman remain with her fellow-creatures.

USEFUL ANIMALS OFTEN DESTROYED AS HURTFUL.

[From a volume entitled "The Rights of Animals, and Man's Obligation to Treat them with Humanity," by William H. Drummond, D.D. London: John Marden. 1838.]

MULTITUDES of animals are most unmercifully destroyed from ignorance of their uses, from an idea that they are noxious or injurious to some petty concern of a field or garden; and at the very time they are rendering important services to man, they are mowed down as if they were his sworn enemies, and had conspired against his life. Hence the rooks in some parts of England were at one time in danger of being extirpated, as we learn from the author of "A Philosophical Survey of the Animal Creation." "The rook," says he, "is a species of crow that feeds upon worms produced from the eggs of the May-bug. As these and all the winged insects in general are to be supported by the roots of plants, they deposit their eggs pretty deep in the earth, in a hole they dig for that purpose. The worms and caterpillars upon which the rook feeds, are not exposed to the mercy of this bird till the earth is thrown up. Hence it is that rooks always frequent lands recently cultivated, that the sight of the husbandman with his plough puts them in action, and that they search with so much assiduity about furrows newly formed.

Some years ago the farmers in one of the principal counties of England entertained a notion that these birds were prejudicial to their grain, and they determined, as if with one accord, to extirpate the race. The rooks were every where persecuted; their nests demolished; their young ones destroyed. But in proportion to the decrease of this animal they found themselves overrun with swarms of worms, caterpillars, butterflies, and bugs, which attached themselves to the grain, trees, and fruits, and occasioned greater desolation in one day than the rooks would have done in the space of a twelvemonth. Many farmers were ruined. At length the persecution ceased; and they found that in proportion as this race of animals was restored, the scourge which their destruction had occasioned ceased likewise."

To this authority may be added that of Selby, who, in his "Illustrations of British Ornithology," p. 73, affirms that "wherever the banishing or extirpating of rooks has been carried into effect, the most serious injury to the corn and other crops has invariably followed, from the unchecked devastations of the grub and the caterpillar. In Northumberland I have witnessed their usefulness in feeding on the larvae of the insect commonly known by the name of *Harry-long-legs* (*Tipula olivacea*), which is very destructive to the roots of grain and young clover."

This is a very instructive history. It should be made universally known; and at the same time it should induce men to examine well whether many of the creatures against which they wage an exterminating war, may not be among their benefactors. Notwithstanding, crows still continue to be the objects of remorseless persecution. Will it be believed that in the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1838, "William Evans, of Trefargoed, in company with another farmer, on Monday evening, killed 1915 crows in Pantyderi-wood, Penbroskeshire, from three to six o'clock in the evening?" Of the motive to this massacre we are not informed, but it was probably from the mistaken idea that these birds were enemies to agriculture; an idea of which some minds seem incapable of being dispossessed. The American farmers of New England once offered a reward of threepence per head for the heads of the purple grackle, because it took a little of the grain to which it had an equitable claim, for its services in preventing the depredation of insects; when, in consequence of this cruel and impolitic act, the birds were "nearly extirpated, insects increased to such a degree as to cause a total loss of the herbage, and the inhabitants were obliged to obtain hay for their cattle, not only from Pennsylvania, but even from Great Britain."—KIRBY, vol. i. p. 289.—*Linn. Trans.* v. 105, note.

Many birds besides rooks are destroyed, under the mistaken idea that they are injurious to the garden or orchard, at the very time they are most useful to both in feeding themselves and their nestlings on grubs and caterpillars.

"The common sparrow, though proscribed as a most mischievous bird, destroys a vast number of insects. Bradley has calculated that a single pair, having young to maintain, will destroy 3360 caterpillars in a week." "The blue tit-mouse (*Parus caeruleus*, LINN.) often falls a victim to ignorance in this country (Ireland), as it does in England, in consequence of the injury it is supposed to do to fruit-trees. Mr Selby most justly pleads in favour of its being a friend rather than an enemy to the horticulturist."

Quadrupeds, as well as birds, suffer much under slanderous imputations, as can be attested by the badger and the hedgehog. The former, a harmless inoffensive animal, is baited and worried by dogs, because he destroys lambs and rabbits! This charge, however, has not been substantiated; and it is known that he feeds on roots, fruits, insects, frogs, and such small game. But he is strong and powerful, and can repel his assailants, when fairly matched, with great dexterity. He is therefore capable of affording an "inhuman diversion," as Bewick states, "to the idle and the vicious, who take a cruel pleasure in seeing this harmless animal surrounded by its enemies, and defending itself from their attacks, which it does with astonishing agility and success." The hedgehog also is assailed by dogs, torn in pieces, drowned, or burned, because he sucks crows! whereas he might as well be accused of sucking the great northern bear. He also climbs apple-trees, and carries off the fruit sticking to the spines on his back! Such a dexterous feat would merit the apples; and should he eat the fruits that fall in his way, they would be but a small compensation for his services to the horticulturist in gnawing the roots of the plantain, a troublesome weed, and in destroying worms, beetles, and various species of insects. If taken to the

kitchen, he will soon clear it of cockroaches, and ably discharge the duties of a turnspit dog.

That God has created nothing in vain, should be considered as an axiom both in philosophy and religion; though there may be some things of which we cannot see the immediate use, and others, in certain localities, positively injurious. Animals the most feeble, and apparently insignificant, even those which escape unassisted vision, as the *infusoria* and other animalcules, serve the most beneficial purposes. They supply nutriment to creatures larger and stronger; and these in their turn become the prey of a still stronger race; and these again of birds, fishes, quadrupeds, and man. Buffon says, "Insects do more harm than good;" a strange assertion from so distinguished a naturalist! The entire genus of swallows, the woodpeckers, and the young of almost the whole feathered creation, and the tribes of fishes, would contradict his assertion. The ant-eater, the chameleon, the mole, the bat, the hedgehog, and the badger, will testify against him, as will also the bee-master, the silk-manufacturer, and the physician.

Insects are teasing, sometimes destructive; but they labour industriously to provide us with food and raiment, with dye-stuffs and medicine. Innumerable myriads of gnats (*Culex pipiens*), in the northern regions, supply food for shoals of fishes and millions of game, and may be considered as the proximate cause of the annual migrations of the finny and the feathered tribes, which afford such an abundant supply of nutriment, not only to the Laplander and Esquimaux, but to the inhabitants of every shore which they visit. Were insects annihilated, how many species of other animals would languish and die! and man himself would be among the greatest sufferers. For it is with the animal kingdom, as with the body politic, or the microcosm of the human frame, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and the loss of one class or order would involve that of another, till all would perish. If some species are injurious to the garden and the orchard, the wardrobe and the museum, they are beneficial in some other department, and the mischief of which we complain is amply compensated by the greater good of which they are the ministers. The *Dermestes*, the *Cerambyx*, and the *Cantharis nautilus*, prey upon wood. They injure the water-pipe, reduce the fallen trees of the forest to powder, and bore through the warship's ribs; but while busied in these operations, they are furnishing employment to the pump-borer, the sawyer, and the carpenter. St Pierre has beautifully observed, that "the weevil and the moth oblige the wealthy monopoliser to bring his goods to market, and by destroying the wardrobes of the opulent, they give bread to the industrious. Were grain as incorruptible as gold, it would be soon as scarce; and we ought to bless the hand that created the insect that obliges them to sift, turn, and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale."

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

[By W. O. B. Peabody, an American Infant.]

And this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears;
Too cold to let the gaze smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.

The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard soil,
'Twas made to gild an angel's bow
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly,
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy pathway in the sky:
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfading and divine.

Then let the burden'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead;
Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin;
And only breathed life's morning air,
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget!
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

PARTY-SPIRIT—ITS EFFECTS.

Our institutions do not cultivate us, as they might and should; and the chief cause of the failure is plain. It is the strength of party-spirit; and so blighting is its influence, so fatal to self-culture, that I feel myself bound to warn every man against it, who has any desire of improvement. I do not tell you it will destroy your country. It wages a worse war against yourselves. Truth, justice, candour, fair dealing, sound judgment, self-control, and kind affections, are its natural and perpetual prey. I do not say that you must take no side in politics. The parties which prevail around you differ in character, principles, and spirit, though far less than the exaggeration of passion affirms; and as far as conscience allows, a man should support that which he thinks best. In one respect, however, all parties agree. They all foster that pestilent spirit, which I now condemn. In all of them, party spirit rages. Associate men together for a common cause, be it good or bad, and array against them a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest, and a new passion, quite distinct from the original sentiment which brought them together, a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them, is roused within them into fearful activity. Human nature seems incapable of a stronger, more unrelenting passion. It is hard enough for an individual, when contending all alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride, wilfulness, love of victory, anger, and other personal feelings. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and, without singular self-control, he receives into his single breast the vehemence, obstinacy, and vindictiveness of all. The triumph of his party becomes immeasurably dearer to him than the principle, true or false, which was the original ground of division. The conflict becomes a struggle, not for principle, but for power, for victory; and the desperation, the wickedness of such struggles, is the great burden of history. In truth, it matters little what men divide about, whether it be a foot of land or precedence in a procession. Let them but begin to fight for it, and self-will, ill-will, the rage for victory, the dread of mortification and defeat, makes the trifle as weighty as a matter of life and death. The Greek or Eastern empire was shaken to its foundation by parties, which differed only about the merits of charioteers at the amphitheatre. Party spirit is singularly hostile to moral independence. A man, in proportion as he drinks into it, sees, hears, judges by the senses and understandings of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring. On all points, parties are to be distrusted, but on no one so much as on the character of opponents. These, if you may trust what you hear, are always men without principle and truth, devoured by selfishness, and thirsting for their own elevation, though on their country's ruin. When I was young, I was accustomed to hear pronounced with abhorrence, almost with execration, the names of men who are now hailed by their former foes as the champions of grand principles, and as worthy of the highest public trusts. This lesson of early experience, which later years have corroborated, will never be forgotten.

Among the best people, especially among the more religious, there are some who, through disgust with the violence and frauds of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in the relations, and imposed on them the duties, of citizens; and they are no more authorised to shrink from these duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers. I counsel you to labour for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study, instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumours of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their support. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the government and the destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.—*Channing's Lecture on Self-Culture*, just published.

We this week commence the publication of a series of Tales by a distinguished Irish writer, the first object of which is, of course, like that of all other articles introduced into the Journal, the entertainment and instruction of the public at large. It becomes our duty to mention that the accomplished writer has a special object of her own, in which we heartily sympathise: she wishes, by such means, to do what she may for the improvement of the morals and economy of her fellow-countrymen. It is very obvious that, while the humbler orders of the Irish people possess as many of the finer elements of human character as most nations, they have, like others, their faults, and that these faults are in perpetual operation to blight the happiness both of individuals and of the community. They are often, to use common language, faults of the head than the heart; but still, whatever be their nature, they prove serious obstructions to that social progress which all neighbouring nations are anxious to see promoted in Ireland. It is Mrs Hall's aim to present pictures of real life, in which these faults shall be, as it were, mirrored—not, we may be sure, in the spirit of censure, but in that of kind remonstrance at the utmost. She also expects to aid, by this means, in creating a more intimate and friendly acquaintance between the people of Ireland and those of England and Scotland.

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* Kirby, l. 291. Reaum. ii. 401.

† Mr Thompson on the Birds of Ireland. *Annals of Natural History*, No. 3, p. 130.

